

PHOENIX

1978

Quarto

PN
6110
.C7
5
1978

PHOENIX Literary and Graphic Publication
The College of New Rochelle
May, 1978 Volume IV

Quarto
PN
6110
C7
P5
1978

The tradition of a literary and graphic publication at the College of New Rochelle originated with the QUARTERLY, CNR's first magazine. The QUARTERLY had become the most distinguished collegiate publication on the Eastern Seaboard. However, during the uncertain period of the 1960's, student interest waned. Today, the PHOENIX magazine is endeavoring to continue the time-honored practice of publishing poetry, creative prose, and art.

8279
The present publication was named after the mythical bird, the Phoenix. The legend states that the Phoenix lived for 500 years in the Arabian desert, consumed itself in fire, and then rose anew from its own ashes. The PHOENIX magazine has risen from the ashes of the QUARTERLY and hopes to have an increasing importance to the entire College community.



24 FRAMES A SECOND

From the shadows into light
From the darkness into sight
We have come into being.

Fade in.
Ellipsoidal glare, shining
Across the textures of
Cool epidermis.
Warms the soul
In a pool of sweat.
Beings, juxtaposed within
A scene
Passionate, superimposed
One upon the other.

Playback
Helical scan of feelings
Dramatised in flashes
Of light
Images projected on a
Zoetrope, circling
Persistence of vision
Always circling.
Insistence of emotion
Never accurate.

Wash away the silver particles
Let the images come into being.

Kathy Guarino

THE MOON

I

Blood ebbs and flows,
Swells as the new moon swells,
Drifts back like the tides.

II

Moon wolves and madmen
Will not be restrained:
They have seen their reflection
In the moonglade.

III

The moon revolves through my houses,
My dark dreams are haloed;
I am a lunatic, a saint,
a weeper, and a fury.

IV

Men revere you,
Make pilgrimage to you;
They would enshrine you,
claim you for their prize,
Virgin moon.

V

I swallow the moon.
Luminous bulb
Floats to my center,
And darkens.

Anne Dolen



Alone, in this small temple, I await
To write of a love that I have worn,
That years have passed it seems to date
For my first love appears so forlorn.

Yet I have not forgotten those lovely days
Of purest bliss glistening in my eyes;
The soft caresses of those gentle ways,
Alas, time has no mercy. Tears do arise.

Innocence, what did you bring!
Having left your primitive form;
Like the Promethean gardens of the Spring
Dying, something very different you have Borne.

Now my soul, hovering this memory
Of my candid youth in its prime,
Where once a prisoner, I dreamed sleeplessly
Of the joy of bringing forth that freeing time.

Elvira Longordo

PAINTINGS

I saw the familiar faces
Floating in the night
Dressed in the usual acrylic smiles
And laughing eyes
Pretending to be friends.

I felt the familiar bitterness,
Sucking in my breast,
And watching them
Knew they did not see the vitriol
Behind my smiling mouth
And laughing eyes
Pretending to be friends.

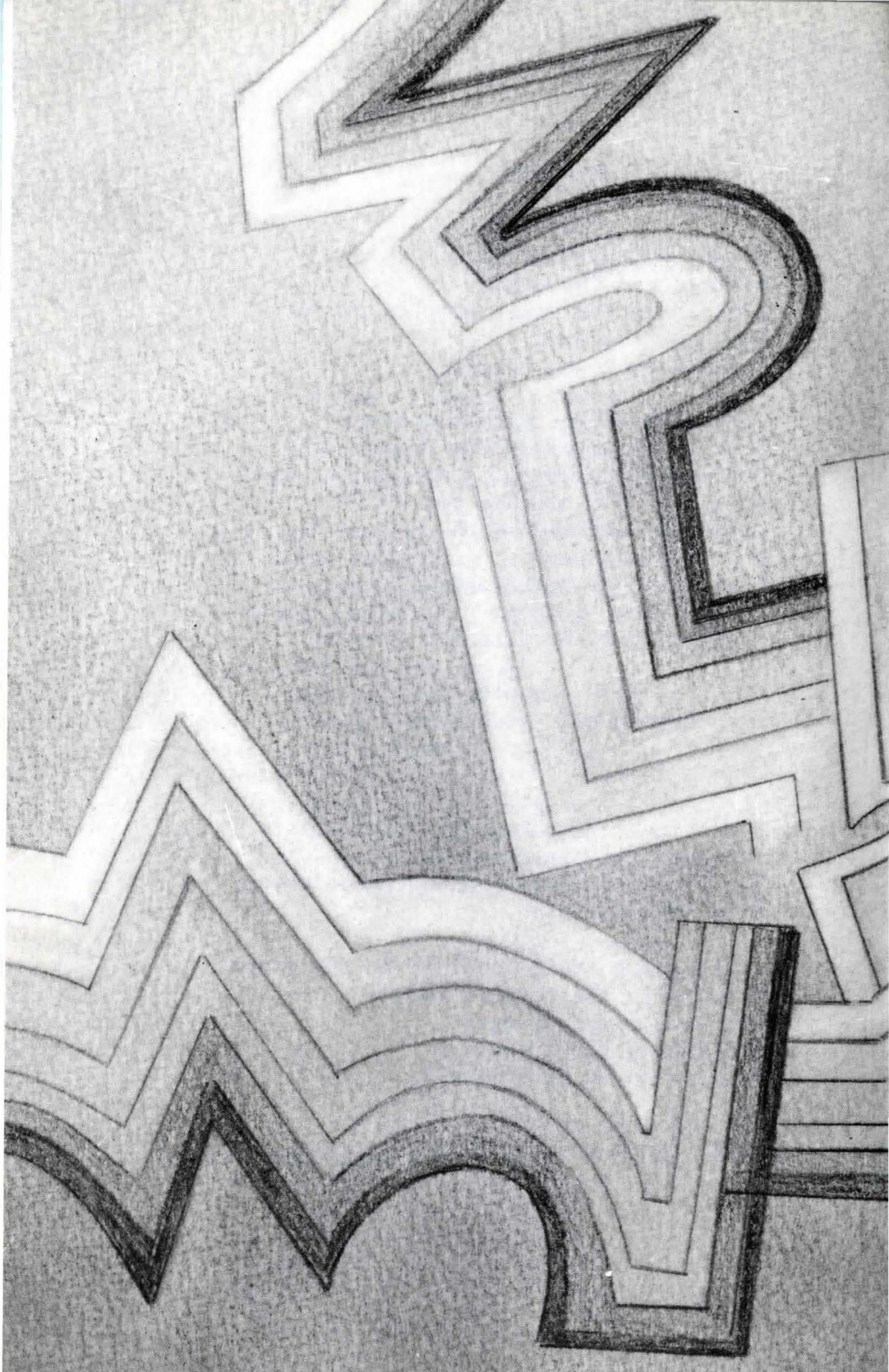
Pretending to be friends, friends

- "do you know i would like
to scrape out your eyes
and
rip off your smile?"

Again those laughing eyes and impasto smile,
Too much trouble to react,
The "friend" facade cannot be cracked.
Play the game dear.

I let those faces haunt me in the night,
Dressed in the acrylic smiles
The same laughing eyes
Teasing my bitterness,
Pretending to be friends.

Michelle Anne Theresa Muir



THE SHRIEK

It burst, shattering the stillness of the oncoming dusk,
Savagely piercing the darkened recesses of

my startled mind

I watch it swiftly stab the glowing sky

with searing agony,

Flooding the writhing sky with snarling waves of terror.

Shrilly it plunges into the swirling waters

Which recoil crimson and heaving.

The hissing embers of the murdered day rings harshly in

my echoing eyes

I turn my shivering gaze away . . .

Felicia Garrow

N.B. This poem was inspired by Edward Munch's
painting: "The Cry" 1893.

after a day's sweat
nothing more innervating
than the mountain's cascade.
camouflaged
by the dense foliage, whose shadows
waver across the water.
our nude beach,
all that flesh
doused by the water's spit
while sunning on the shaley edge;
(whose jagged surface patterns the skin).
a roll away from the crispness.
cloudless, revealing the underwater world.
whirlpool baths
diluting sweat with welcomed cold
and pouncing falls of water
massaging backaches.
its constant rumble
mesmerizing.
falling with a force
that sweeps away any disturbance
(watersnakes or childrens' warmspots)
to another's swimming hole.
even me if i was lost in a daydream
while in a backfloat.

Phyllis Labanowski



MESSENGERS

nothing; then
a sudden breath of snow
a flicker
at the edge of sight
a silent shout that leaves
a memory
of memories that never were

Arlyn M. Brandon





Left to wander down the beach

I ponder your absence.

You left me four shells, two dried starfish and a
cat tail.

Your body split the waves,
stopped the tide,
stilled the glare of the sun.

I was warned at your birth
of time, joy and
life.

I never listen for death -
I comb the beach at night,
searching for life.

Anne Marie Sweeney



JUST A CONCEPTION

I'm a void in a vast orb,
An abyss seeking form
The images in my dream I presume to be
the only truth.
My life is pervaded by fantastic illusions.

I'm an enchanter of psalms,
An orator of enlightening verses.
Searching for my heart I discover
a prism of distortion; a theatre of repetition.

I'm a cougar hunting prey after feasting,
Forever voracious.
The flames of greed engross my eyes
as I scan the ground.

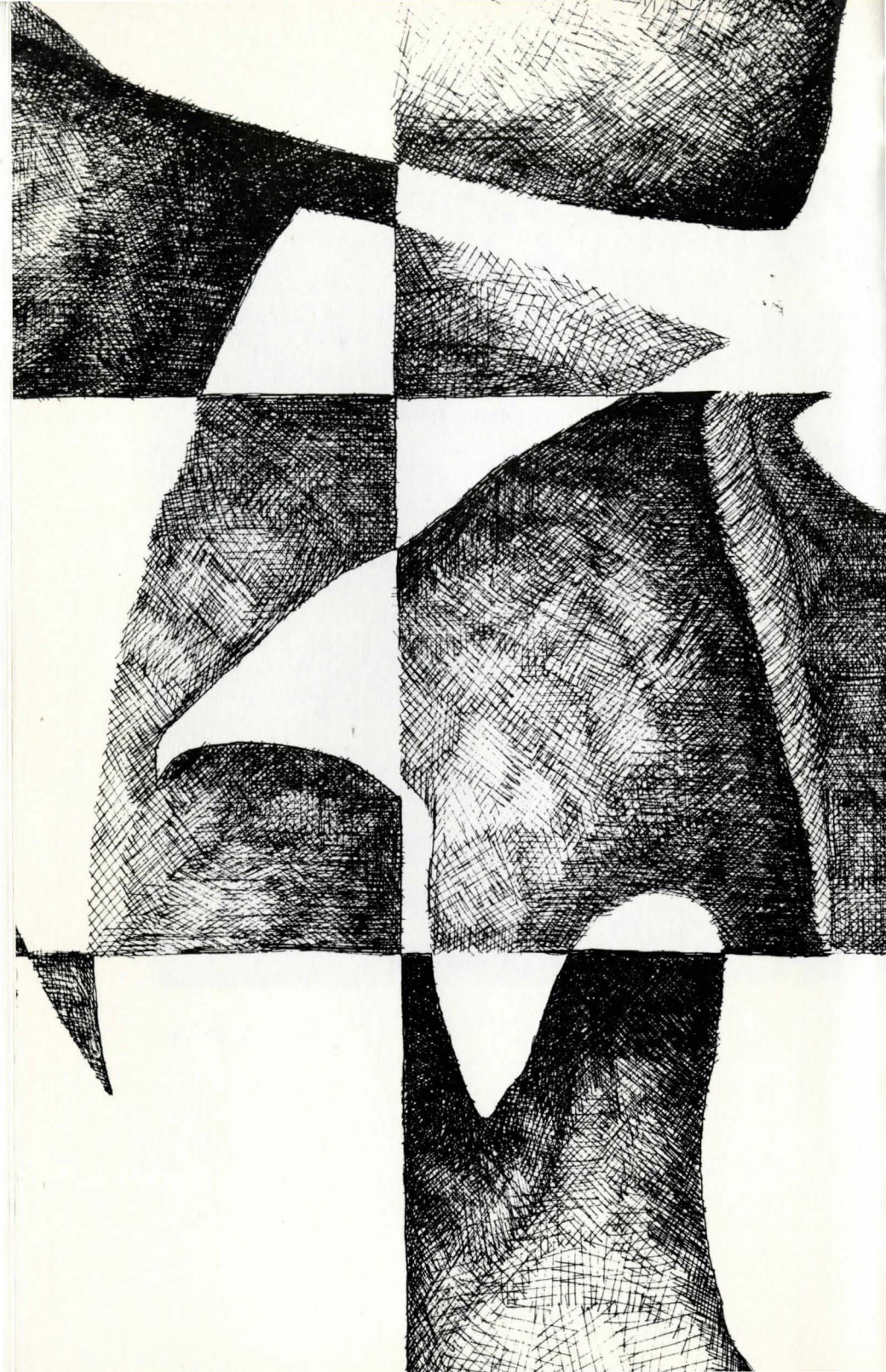
I'm a flaw amid perfection
changing every fragment of my being so
I may ultimately heal.
The radiant paragon that obstructs its own light,
I am a dilemma,
but, the merging of my life, curing of the hole in my
navel
lies in my hands,
I wait, I am but a child.

Nancy Calef





Michelle Watson



LACUNA

She prayed for a dream to come and wake her.

She felt each day to be a metal etching plate and herself a needle that barely skimmed the surface, so that the plate was never engraved but only scratched here and there. If she didn't keep a journal she might not even believe her perceptions of the past, might not trust her own recollections and memories.

"What do they matter anyway?" she would say at night to her glass of white vermouth. "'...the human, they shrink and dissolve...Dust I am, to dust am bending...' "

In the twenty-second year of her life she prayed for a dream to come and wake her.

Alix opened her eyes with a start. Janet was crouching beside her, half-grin on her face, fingers curled around a glass of wine. "Are you becoming anti-social in your old age?"

Alix exhaled. "You gave me a heart attack. I didn't even hear you come in."

"That's because you were sleeping."

"No I wasn't."

"Either that or you were preoccupied with very morbid thoughts. What are you doing here by yourself? Are you feeling all right?"

Alix nodded, avoiding Janet's dark almond eyes.

"Then for God's sake come join the rest of us. Richard would take this as a monumental insult to his party if he knew you were here alone."

Alix shook her head, wishing she could at least get upset for being disturbed.

"Listen! They're even playing Dvorak on one of the tapes." Janet placed her glass on the piano and threw open the door so the music could come through more clearly, then leaped and pirouetted across the floor. Alix had always joined her, the two of them executing pas de deux so insane that they'd inevitably collapse with laughter over their impression of looking like psychotic ostriches. But tonight she just sat, hearing something dry and dead being scuttled about inside her head.

"I have to open some windows," she said suddenly.

Janet rose slowly from an arabesque. "It's cold outside."

"I know." She got up and walked over to the French windows by the piano, her boots clunking heavily on the wooden floorboards. Without turning she could tell Janet was behind her, then beside her, and she didn't look at her. Eight years of friendship and tonight she could not bear to look Janet, much less anyone else, directly in the eye. She was glad she wasn't able to look at herself.

"You're absolutely out of your little gourd. Close the windows; it's freezing."

"I know, but I need the air." She wanted the cold to slap her, to plunge her into rapids so icy that whatever she touched, no matter how glacial, felt warm in comparison.

Above her in the indigo night the March constellations sparkled like overexuberant rhinestones. Gemini winked high overhead, close to the Zenith, and towards the west burned Orion. At one time she had felt she'd lived among the stars in some pre-natal existence; she'd been to the galaxy NGC6611, to the Horsehead Nebula, to the Pleiades, perhaps even to

the open cluster M16 in Serpens. The stars frightened her in their cold, cold beauty, yet something in them had always spoken of home.

Tonight she gazed at them and felt no bond and no magic, and was not surprised. But she fixed her eyes on Orion anyway and murmured tentatively, "Among the galaxies I have slept/ in mother-fluid warm and silent."

Janet tilted her head. "What's that from?"

"A poem I once started and never got beyond the first two lines of."

"I like it. Say it again."

Opening her mouth to repeat the words, she turned and found her eyes locking into the darkness of Janet's face. She could not see Janet's eyes clearly but knew they were on her, felt them more keenly than if her friend's features had been lit by sun or lamp. Instead of the unfinished poem, she heard herself say, "I've known those eyes for eight years." Her gaze shifted back to the stars.

A pause from Janet, then: "Good God! How've I been able to stand you that long?" She tousled Alix's hair.

Alix smiled, but the smile frayed quickly. "Janet--" She licked her lips. "Do you ever get the feeling that nothing is real--that the past never really happened the way you think it did...?" She realized her voice was wavering, and she lowered it even more. "And that the present, especially if it seems happy, is just an illusion you're presented with to keep you from going completely off the wall?"

"Sure," Janet laughed. "All the time. No, but really, that does happen to me once in a while. Why? Is that how you're feeling now?"

A nod. "Yes." Alix ground the heel of her boot on an old cigarette butt and hugged herself against the cold, feeling the solid flesh and muscle of her arms beneath her fingers. Underlying everything she said and did these days was the ache... She

stepped back and closed the windows, then went to the sofa, where she curled deep into one of the corners. Janet sat beside her, watching her obliquely.

Alix glanced at her, then down at the toe of her own boot. "You know how sometimes you wonder how you'd feel if you found out you only had a certain amount of time left to live?"

"Uh-huh." Janet nodded, turned and reached for the glass of wine on the piano. "Want some?"

"Yeah. Thanks. Lately I've been feeling--" She took a sip, then gave the glass back. "--that it really doesn't make a difference, the amount of time you live."

Janet looked puzzled, but said nothing. Alix tore at a fingernail. "We're all dying anyway."

"That's beside the point. Of course we're all dying. None of us is going to last forever, but you can't let yourself get caught up in that. You--"

"I'm not doing it by choice."

"What, dying or getting caught up in thinking about it?"

"Either one." She drew her knees closer, running the jagged nail along the seam of her jeans. "Nothing is constant," she continued as though to herself. "Perfection exists only in mathematics." The shade of a grin pulled at her eyes as she looked up, adding, "And you know how much I hate math."

Janet hiccuped. "What a time to get indigestion. I'm sorry."

Alix continued rubbing her nail on her jeans. "'They all go into the dark/ The vacant interstellar spaces, the vacant into the vacant...' Damn it." She took the wine from Janet, who asked her, "Was that from one of your poems too?"

"I wish. No, it's Eliot."

Janet rolled her eyes. "I'm actually much less ignorant in real life. This is just a dress rehearsal."

Alix grinned wryly. "Yeah, that's what they

used to tell us."

"Hmm?"

"The part about everything being just a dress rehearsal. 'Dust I am, to dust am bending...' "

Janet stretched, stood up and held out her hand to Alix. "Come with me. This conversation is decidedly unhealthy, especially when there's a party going on in the same house."

Alix started reaching for Janet's hand, then realized it was not because she wanted to go back to the party, but simply because she wanted to touch someone warm and real. Slowly she drew back. "You go on. I'll be there in a little while."

Her friend opened her mouth to say something, hesitated, then sighed. "Can I at least bring you something to eat or drink?"

Alix thought. "No. And if anybody asks, just say I'm not feeling well."

"I'm coming back to check on you, you know."

She smiled. "You won't have to. I'll be there soon."

When Janet had gone, Alix stretched out on the sofa and closed her eyes, pretending that the darkness behind her lids was the darkness of a black hole in space. She didn't have to try too hard.

Carrie Vaccaro

Jolted
out of unconsciousness
in an airless room-
senses,
as if new born:
there are scratches
along my skin,
my nightgown
torn.

yet
I know
I have been buried
in sleep.

Marie Brauner

Creature in the rug
What are you, that stares so
blankly at me?
Crawling among flowers of the Orient:
I've christened you
with my feet.

I have looked hard for your companions
whose regal plumes are
sometimes obvious.
Then feathers
turn to curls
and militant lambs bleat their cause.

And there are:

fat hairy men with sunglasses
and fringed worms
and birds in nautical caps.

Greek columns support you all
in a carpeted menagerie
in a crazy woven zoo.

Beth Niewenhaus



I lift my face to meet the falling drops of rain,
That soothe the crashing thoughts and leave my inner brain
With nourishing quiet from renewed Hippocrene¹ waves.
With brimful results, the spirit, rescued from molten caves,
Is refreshed, lifts like winged birds from earthly trees.
And ascending peace - my "Innisfree"² of ease.

Ruth Ann Doherty

¹
Hippocrene - The fountain whose waters are meant to
inspire poets.

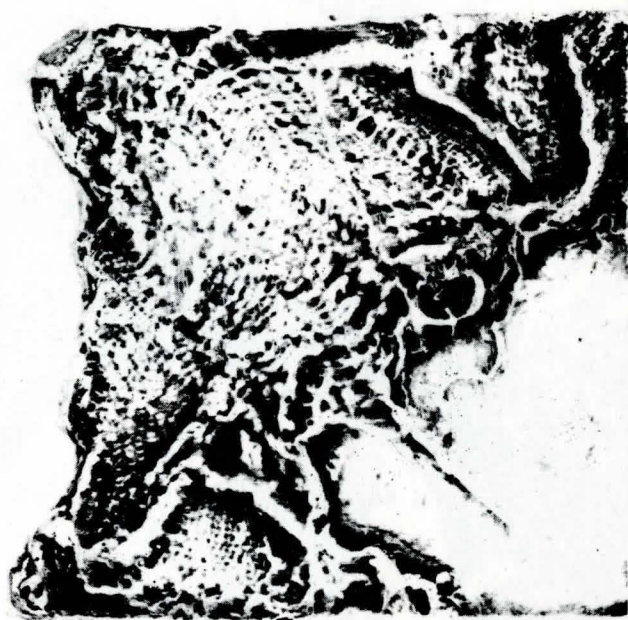
²
Innisfree - Yeats' country retreat

CLIPPED WINGS

Once so free, soaring
higher, ever higher on
Wings of aspiration, will, and determination,
An independent spirit, knowing no bounds,
Never to be tamed, nor broken.
Limitations non-existent
Wanting to harvest fields, rich with potential
Untapped resources abounding.
Nothing could hinder such striving toward
Self-fulfillment . . . a total being.

Deeper, deeper grew the roots
Entwined, reaching further into the bowels of
Her earth-soul.
Invading the soil, draining its minerals,
Interrupting its plan of self-enrichment.
Spreading, creeping, lengthening fingers
Choking the determination, crushing the will,
'Til further entanglement broke completely
her spirit.

Lynn Tasco



Yvonne Taylor

TIMOR MORTIS

My great-aunt, thirty, died,
screaming "I don't want to die!"
My uncle committed suicide.

How strange, to end the fight,
and freely choose, oneself, to die.
Did he not fear that mournful blight?

Nothing racks me more with fright
than with open staring eye
contemplating endless night.

Faith is comfort shining bright
or surely would be, if I
Were doubtless of that light.

Terror is a hellish plight.
Never knowing which is right,
I cannot bear the thought of Night,
I dare not trust the thought of Light.

Anita Malpica

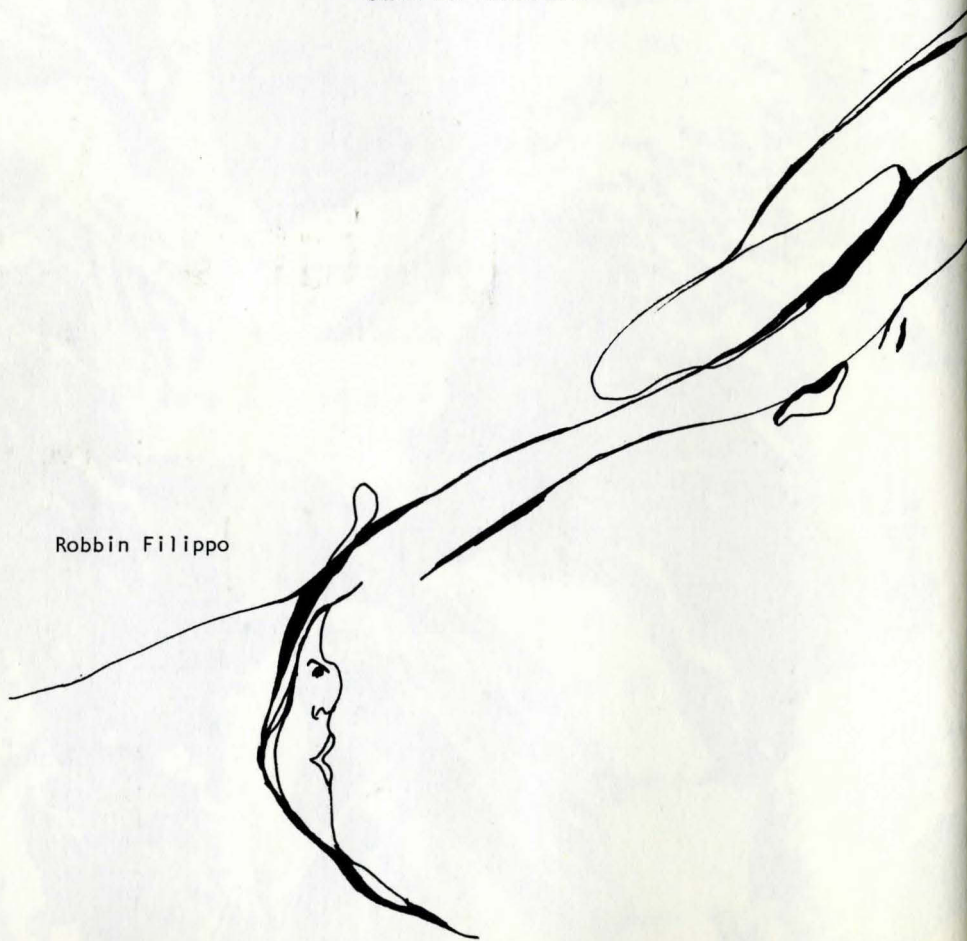


IN AUGUST'S SILENCE

In August's silence,
bodies scream
 and pound against
smithied dreams
whose armoured glint
surrounds
the humid, hazy mornings
 and inert afternoons.

Carrie Vaccaro

Robbin Filippo







3 6155 00328 4262

THE PHOENIX LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS

President: Ruth Ann Doherty
Vice-President: Kathy Guarino
Secretary: Allison McMillan
Treasurer: Diane Brandi

ART STAFF

Rosemarie Falcone
Roselle N. Ragone
Nora Rudden

LITERARY STAFF

Ruthanne Johnson
Michelle Muir
Melanie Pintard
Amy Robinson
Donna Strudwick
Carrie Vaccaro

BUSINESS STAFF

Carmen Butler
Sharon L. Dyer
Theresa M. Hunt

FACULTY ADVISORS

Fr. Bernard McMahon, Literary
Theresa Eppridge, osu., Graphic

Cover Design by Paula Satterly

*Each work in the PHOENIX, whether literary or graphic, is an independent entity. No work is intended to be illustrative of another.



THE COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE
LITERARY AND GRAPHIC PUBLICATION